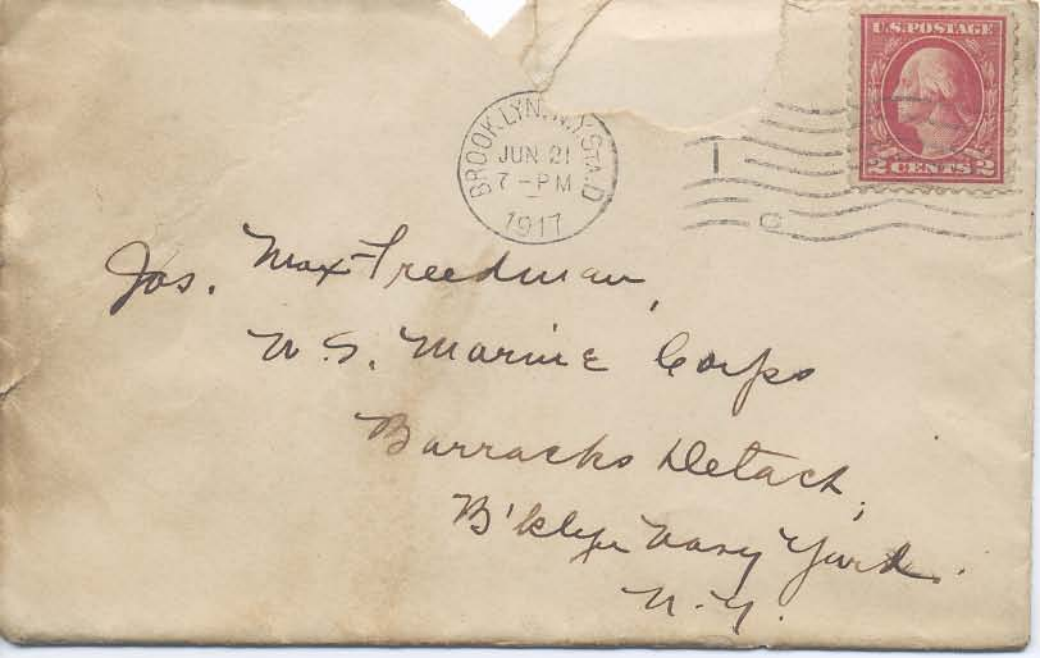

June 21-17.

My darling precious Joe: —

The only thing I know, of which to write, is that I love you — but — I love you so much that by writing it once doesn't begin to signify one millionth of the amount that I do — so — the only thing left, is to fill up the rest of the letter with I love you — I love you, I love you, I love you I love you, I love you —

So good-bye Scrooby
look ums - and don't march
in the sun - or get your feet
wet, - or leave your rain coat
off!

"Mind you care" if I do
tease you - I love you
anyway -

Your loving
Toots "Paka". (yes?)

I love you - I love you -
I love you - I love you -
you —— you — you —
and only you.

Am going home to-night
and try and do something —
such as sewing - its so hot
to-day that if I wear my
rainy suit much longer I'll
melt clean away —— and
all that will be left for you to
bury of me will be a grease
spot and my belt.